The COMMONWEAL

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Has the Ogpu Settled Hathaway, Too?

Krivitsky Fits the Pattern

LAST WEEK THE COMMONWEAL noted the possible antagonisms between supporting freedom and morality "everywhere" and at the same time currying favor with Russia. This week we ask if it is necessary, in the course of cosying up to Russia abroad, also to welcome the Russian Ogpu and its typical activities right here in the US. It is no distant news like that of the rugged democratic support given Bulgaria by the USSR which raises the question. The query arises in Washington and New York. The death of Krivitsky could conceivably, we suppose, be the most banal and normal thing in the world. However, a certain number of well-informed persons seem to suppose it is more likely that his death was a case of enforced suicide or actual murder at the hands of the Russian secret police. We join with Krivitsky's family, friends, business associates, and with the multitude of experts on the revolutionary and espionage movements in supposing the same thing.

The assassination of Krivitsky would fit too perfectly into the pattern of murder which the Russian secret services have painted in red across country after country, beginning at home, right around the world: Trotsky in Mexico, and before Trotsky, four of his secretaries in various countries; Wolf, Berneri, Nin, and no one knows how many others behind the Loyalist lines in Spain; Ignace Reiss in Switzerland, whose elimination Krivitsky himself described; Klement in Paris, etc., etc., including in like fashion Juliet Poyntz, for one, taken from the US and lost. We are not chroniclers of the world of political, military and revolutionary espionage and violence. Read Krivitsky. Read Jan Valtin. Read the interview Valtin gave the *Times Book Review* last week. Let us hope his "Great Dane . . . 200 pounds . . . trained to bark at strangers and to go for the throat" will help; but maybe the author of "Out of the Night" would do better to seek again the hospitable walls of San Quentin.

Valtin has been seen alive; the police knew the corpse of Krivitsky; ex-communists out of Party favor. Where is Clarence Hathaway? Has the Ogpu or the Russian military espionage already done a job on this erst-while editor of Stalin's *Daily Worker?* Hathaway was a C.P. hack; we opposed him, his work, his ideas—but he was a human being and living in America. We would prefer to know he is still a man subject to the justice of this country, the object of concern of a Christian people, and not the victim of the code and execution of the G. P. U. Who has seen him since his disappearance from Union Square? Who can have read the letter to the newspapers, purportedly from him, accepting his banishment from Party councils and condemning himself in true Moscow Trial terms, without seeing that here was a pure Soviet caricature and no American act? We are concerned for Clarence Hathaway as a man, and we are concerned for United States society. We are not in the confidence of the city police nor of the American Stalinists and we'd like to know what's become of Hathaway. While this stimulating evidence of Ogpu penetration accumulates, an eccentric Congressman proposes to exclude Russia from use of the free, moral and democratic lend-lease funds. But the majority stay in line, and the prohibition is voted down because that would be a "gratuitous slap" in the face of Russia.

Aspirations for the Post-War World

Social Justice Means Security

THE SOLDIERS in the trenches in the last war were obsessed with thought of the day when peace would be declared. Peace for them meant primarily a return to wife and family, to the normal pursuits of the life they had known, to calm and quiet and to relative physical security. This time whole populations in Europe are looking forward to that day when danger from bombardment from the sky will be past, rations no longer necessary, men demobilized or released from captivity to join their families. But this time the hope of peace goes beyond the

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restoration of the old order and tranquillity, as J. L. Benvenisti's latest article will indicate in these pages next week. Two world cataclysms in less than twenty-five years have aroused in the hearts of Europeans greater determination to prevent the recurrence of such a holocaust. These thoughts of peace outstrip the political considerations that went into the formation of the League of Nations, for a review of the milestones that mark the rise of fascism in the past twenty years points all too clearly to the poverty, insecurity and social injustice which made so many millions receptive to dictator promises of work and bread and world recognition. It is a heartening thought that today in England, even in this period of anxious waiting, with the struggle for bare survival perforce uppermost in their minds, many people are conceiving of peace in terms of world-wide justice and security.

Here in the United States there is little excuse for viewing our task as merely one of physical self-defense and of producing matériel for beleaguered Britain. Ours is a primary rôle in preparing the bases for the peace. More currency must be given to ideas such as those of John G. Winant of the International Labor Office, our new ambassador to the Court of St. James. As he said to the New York City League for Women Voters, the underlying questions of justice and security "must be solved by the friendly cooperation of the peoples in every part of the world." The United States must play a major share in that cooperation. We have the wealth, the land, the natural resources, the productive capacity. "Every nation and every citizen must accept the full responsibilities of freedom. And this can come about only if we are willing to wipe out the hunger and the want and the hopelessness of the pre-war period. . . . Only by finding a common basis for world citizenship and by accepting far-reaching social change can we hope to secure the economic and social security which will make any peace a lasting peace." We must give more and more thought to the bases for the peace, even as we build up our armed might. Principles such as Mr. Winant's provide an excellent foundation for the detailed and specific considerations that comprise the next step forward.

A Beginning Is Made

Religion Classes

THE PROGRAM for the religious instruction of New York public school children has got under way smoothly enough to invite commendation to the groups, educational and religious, handling it. It was perhaps not to be expected that so important a beginning could be made entirely without "incidents." A method of procedure which takes prudent and forbearing and charitable account, not only of the child dismissed from school at a designated period to attend a religious class, but also of the child who is not dismissed, requires time to evolve. It will be evolved because in the circumstances it must be if the project is to endure. Meanwhile, some mistakes of zeal and judgment are inevitable. It was, for example, not very remarkable, if not very wise, that the children who left their schools for the initial religion classes should reappear wearing lapel buttons with question marks on them, designed to invite interrogation from the "left-behinds." This raised a mild furor about "proselytizing," which caused the buttons (properly) to disappear. Such small false starts are part of the trial-and-error whereby sound standards are worked out. It is notable that the press, aside from some die-hard opposition in correspondence columns, has given space and friendly comment to the classes; stressing, naturally enough as items of news, the differences that could be gleaned in the procedures of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish groups. It has begun well. May it grow and deepen into a fruitful tradition among us, symbolizing what of itself it cannot of course bring about: the revitalizing of religion in American life. Here Catholics have the special responsibility of exacter knowledge and completer faith. Happily they are well prepared to carry on their own training and give example, in a very concrete sense, to others. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has developed over a period of years an admirable curriculum for both vacation and year-round instruction of public-school children. Stress has been put largely on the grades, but the religious need of high-school students have not been neglected. As an instance, the current *Journal of Religious Instruction* publishes an eye-opening account of the achievement in Brooklyn, where in 256 groups 38,855 high-school pupils are taught religion; in further conformity to the Confraternity design, a large number of the 991 teachers—670—are laymen and laywomen.

Policy and Action

Lend-Lease

THE HOUSE passage of the Lend-Lease Bill did not clarify in the public mind the issues involved. It is an "all out aid to Britain" bill—but exactly how and why and where? We do not even know how important the legislation is, nor just what new powers it gives the President, nor what the President wants to or plans to do with the powers. We do not know what effect it can have on American arms production. The greatest service the administration could perform would be to declare and explain its policy in objective terms with which citizens can rationally agree or disagree: until that is done it is impossible not to fear cumulative

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concentration of power, and distrust our own national and international purposes. Specifically, we do not know whether the administration is determined to fight against the defeat of Britain with every American resource or not. We do not know if US policy is directed to upholding the British Empire at any cost or only up to a point, after which we will be busy insuring the position of greatest successor-empire.

The extreme original form of Bill 1776 and the easy acquiescence of administration forces to some of the modifications made the political method reminiscent of collective bargaining processes, or, indeed, of all sorts of ordinary business bargaining and haggling. There seemed to be assumed a conflict of interest, a need for concealing real objectives, and the necessity of asking for much more than is expected and more than there is a proclaimed intention of using. And the actual situation, in part effect, appears to be in fact a very deep cleavage and unrest in the country.

The hearings before the House and Senate did not bring a satisfyingly clear description of the policy of the dominant section of American life. Lindbergh, in his remarkable testimony before both committees, managed to propose a clear line of national "isolation"—intelligible to hearers not deafened by antipathy; certainly not appeasement, not pro-German, not anti-English. It was a definite and intelligent enough line for us to feel we know what we are doing when we state that it does not seem to us the best line obtainable. Questioning Colonel Lindbergh, Senator Glass said, "I guess I'm about the only one I know in favor of war." Senator Glass is clear, and we are opposed to his wish, but as he said, his position is not that of the administration. Lindbergh was not speaking for the administration either, when he gave his opinion that: "This bill is obviously the most recent step in a policy which attempts to obtain security for America by controlling internal conditions in Europe." But there is no denial that this was a plausible description; and the policy suggested by the label appears untenable. No fuller or more authoritative declaration of policy behind the Lend-Lease Bill has been seriously offered than these stated by Senator Glass and by Colonel Lindbergh: in terms of practical, definite national action.

Edmund Wilson Writes a Phrase

A Strange Lapse

MR. EDMUND WILSON is not a doctrinaire critic measuring books and the characters in books and the characters of men by a literary or political yardstick. He has been scrupulously fair in observing that basic rule of criticism which insists that understanding must precede evaluation. He knows that one must not label a man this or that but discover and lay bare his personality through patient and precise research into whatever significant manifestation there exists of its enduring identity. He has brought to his work, of course, great talent, and because of his critical attitude men of all kinds and books of all kinds, and their authors, have always had for Mr. Wilson, and through him for his readers, warm and human reality. They rarely have been reduced to a formula, almost never to a hackneyed or cheap formula.

In the *New Republic* (February 10) Mr. Wilson produces again this feeling of understanding reality in his study of Max Eastman against the background of Marxian development, or retrogression, of which Mr. Eastman has been a constant analyst. In the course of his article Mr. Wilson explains why it is that American Marxists "have felt that History would see them through without further intellectual effort on their part and swallowed all the absurd policies and the expedient lies that the Stalinist agents fed them . . ." Then, to our honest and deep astonishment, this careful stylist and sensitive critic closes the sentence we have quoted, and interrupted, with a comparison: "just as the obedient Catholic swallows the precepts of the priest." We ask—and not rhetorically—what could have led Mr. Wilson to a facile alliteration and to a worn and vulgar rubber stamp of prejudice. If he had read that phrase in any serious book, if Proust or any of the conscientious artists Mr. Wilson has studied so ably had succumbed suddenly to such an access of trivial vulgarity, he would have felt that it was of real interest to discover the reason why. We who sincerely admire his critical method ask ourselves this question about Mr. Wilson. For, of course, it would be insulting to think that this little facile phrase renders adequately the sum of his knowledge of Catholics and Catholicism.

A man of his experience must know that the humblest Catholic accepting literally and without question the "precepts of the priest" can only learn therein that nothing bears him toward salvation unless of his own free will, on his own responsibility, with his own intelligence, he desires and seeks and struggles to obtain union with the truth which is God. He must know what insistence, permanent and central in Catholic thought—and supremely audacious—is placed on the inviolable dignity of the human person. He must know that in Catholic teaching not even God can act on man without the consent of man's will, the collaboration of man's mind, the love in man's heart. He must know that whatever may be the conception in other systems, in Catholic doctrine man is free for good and for evil and that every Catholic child is taught that there is no automatism in his destiny. These truths are available to any man of normal cultivation and Mr. Wilson—one need not stress the point.

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What Is an American?

A provocative view and analysis of a vitally important question.

By **William Franklin Sands**

SINCE last fall's presidential campaign a good many Catholic publications have carried well written and important editorials and general articles on the Constitution, on "the American way of life," on "democracy," etc. To be sure, that is always a good line for editors, but it is really much more important than editors think to have Catholics occupy themselves with such matters. It is important to all Americans, because there is a positive and definite American philosophy of life; it is doubly important to Catholic American citizens, because that philosophy is drawn directly from the Catholic philosophy of life; because it risks erosion and disintegration the further we get away from its sources, unless it can be revitalized from those sources; because consciousness of that fact can only come out of the study of American history in its proper relation to general history; because, while our general American neglect of American history is bad and dangerous, the neglect and even opposition to the facts of American history in and by our Catholic schools and colleges is little short of criminal. If Catholics are not interested in that revitalization, it is lost. Protestantism can not affect it. Atheism must destroy it.

I repeat that our American system is drawn directly from Catholic philosophy. It is not merely analogous to it. Historically, it is drawn from it.

Our American system is, therefore, the best political and social system yet devised among men for the full and right growth of a Catholic Christian society. It can only be preserved through knowledge of what it is and preference for it.

Acquisition of legal American *citizenship* is not enough to make an *American*. It is an unfortunate fact that the minority of Catholics who although they are legally and fully American *citizens* are still not Americans, are kept from being so not because they belong to this racial group or that racial group but because they refuse or neglect to learn what an American is.

If it be true that Catholicism is not something alien to America, as is asserted and taught by Catholics, but that it is part of the very life and blood stream of America; if it be true that our American system is not merely conformable to the principles of Catholic philosophy, but that it was a continuation from that source from our very beginnings and is only becoming separated from it now, in our own lifetime, then Catholics have a greater responsibility for its revitalization and for its safeguarding than anybody else. If Catholics fail to do their part or refuse to do it, they become politically more dangerous and subversive than communists.

We all know what communists are, what they want, why we disagree with them and what to do about it.

What to do?

It is more difficult to know what to do about Catholics who ignore their own American birthright, oppose it, deny it, or corrupt it not merely by tolerance of rotten politics but by open and public reward of rotten politicians as "eminent Catholics." Our Catholic publications are beginning, as I say, to stir in the matter. They are beginning to explain the provisions of the Constitution. Most of them are doing it a little uncertainly, and that is quite natural, for they still refuse (since American history is not taught by or to our Catholic body) to understand or admit the facts of American history. They cannot, therefore, understand the nature of the Constitution. If the Constitution is only what some of our popular jurists and professors, who, specializing in "democracy," are yet completely alien to the democratic mind that formed the country, say it is; or what Attorney General Jackson and other leaders of the New Deal have themselves said it is; or what the general body of Catholics, accepting all these gentlemen plus our eminent and eminently corrupt Catholic boss politicians say it is, and would indicate it is, then the Constitution has no validity. "Democracy" has no validity. American "principles" do not exist. There is no point in attempting to preserve any part of it. Certainly there is no point whatever in going to war about it, to "make the world safe" for it. In all probability, if all that is acceptable to Catholics, Mr. Hitler, Mr. Stalin and Mr. Mussolini may have something much better, much less sloppy and corrupt, something more real, something which may be far better suited to Catholics, for it relieves them from the need to think. As things stand, we don't think. Most of us don't think even about Catholic things. That is why I say that it is excellent that we are beginning to assert the sacredness of our Constitution and of our democracy, of our

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American way of life, even though we do it timidly, uncertainly, a little shallowly, without very deep and settled conviction—because, ignorant of its sources, we have nothing on which to base conviction.

The Constitution

Why isn't it merely "a collection of myths and folk-lore" as presented by some leading exponents of the New Deal? The historical fact is that our Constitution was intended to contain and does contain two things: a principle and a form. To us who made the Constitution and ratified it, a principle meant a *truth*. Truth, according to our ideas at that time, is permanent and unchangeable. The *principle* in the Constitution is, therefore, sacred. To safeguard the truth, or principle, a *form* is necessary. The form set forth in the Constitution is not sacred. It is not unchangeable. It was not meant to be. It was meant to change as an expanding society requires. It was meant to be difficult to change. It was meant to take time to change, so that the nature of any proposed change might be considered fully; so that no individual or group of individuals might, emotionally, rush a change; so that no change of form should ever be made that might harm the principle which the form is intended to safeguard.

And what is that principle or truth? It is there, in spite of any personal, "class" or other motive present among us. It was a simple one to the Americans of that day. It is an affirmation of God and of man's relation to God. Out of that relationship flow "unalienable" rights and liberties, rights and liberties inherent in the nature of the human person, and which cannot be separated from the human person, even by the exercise of his own will, rights over which (as we said at that time) "the King," "Parliament," "Government" (or as we would say today) "the State" possesses no superior rights and should never be allowed to usurp any. That is the basis of "our American system," of our "democracy." That is the principle. It was an immutable truth to us who made the Constitution and ratified it, though it is a "myth" or "folk-lore" to principal exponents of the New Deal. It had, if you like, an element of "folk-lore" to us in a perfectly good sense, since it had come to us down through the ages of Christianity through Western European Christendom, through the English Christianity which was part of it and from which we came directly, of which we too were part, and into which all others came here from whatever other "racial group" they came, and came from choice. That was the principle to be safeguarded. To safeguard it, order must be established and order too must be safeguarded.

Two dangers always beset that principle: overemphasis on the rights and liberties of the person tend toward anarchy, toward "rugged individualism" and all the selfish ruthlessness into which that otherwise harmless quality can degenerate. Overemphasis on order tends to over-government and to bureaucracy, to over-centralization of power and to eventual totalitarianism, and to the extinction of the rights and liberties whose possession and right use order is intended to safeguard. We set up, therefore, the best form we could devise for government which would safeguard the principle which, to us, was sacred.

The principle, I repeat, was sacred. The form was not. The form was desirable but it was not sacred.

A current use of words, apparently trivial but truly important, is an indication of one potent reason for the confusion which seems to attend all discussion of the Constitution, very often in the Supreme Court itself, part of whose function is interpretation of the Constitution.

I have written on this subject fairly frequently in past years. Whenever a Catholic periodical has published anything of mine I have had an immediate battle which I have learned to expect: with regard to American history, or any portion of it, like the making of the Constitution, I have always written *"we* did it," *"we* made it." I used that word "we" naturally and as a matter of course, but always some member of the editorial staff of the Catholic publication changed the "we" to "they," until I became savage about it. Today, insistence on that distinction always brings battle. I am integrally part of America. America is integrally part of me. For over three hundred years my own flesh and blood has consciously taken part in making America and defending it. All those people are blood and flesh and bone to me. To me those who did these things are "we," not "they." It is perfectly true that all fields of history are enormously clarified by archeological processes. Even the Bible and Christian tradition have been ever more clearly proven as factual and not mere folklore by archeology. It is also true that we have in America today an enormous body of Americans, legally citizens, to whom America is totally foreign, to whom those who set up the American system are truly "they," since the current "they" had no part in the making and refuse to examine it. "Their" present title to be here at all was granted to them by some one with the power and the wish to do it. That society of "someones" was the "we" of which I am integrally a part. If that attitude is to be emphasized, I deny the right of any to deny *my* right to say who and what "we" are, as long as those upon whom we have conferred equally with us all our own rights, persist in speaking of us as "they" and refusing to study the only valid basis upon which those rights can exist, or upon which we can, gratuitously, include "them." Since that point is emphasized by so many Catholics, I refuse to use

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that distinctive word "we" or "they" except as an answer to a challenge. "They" can be used of us legitimately only by those who refuse to look at our historical origins. "We" is the legitimate word to use for all those who study and understand the Christian continuity of the American system, and who, whether they be Christians or not, accept it and accept their responsibility to promote it and defend it.

"Democratic" peoples

We speak largely (and shallowly) of the "democratic" peoples, of the "democratic way of life." We helped to fight one great war, twenty years ago, to "make the world safe for democracy." Today we are refusing to fight to make the world safe for democracy, although the issue is today very clear, more clear than at any time in history since Christianity was founded. I am not saying that we were right then or right now. I am saying that we haven't thought it through.

Confusion is natural and almost excusable for all who are not clear about the Christian principle of Americanism. It is not natural nor excusable for Catholics not to be clear about that.

And that is so for this reason: the America of which we *all* are part was founded with the first permanent settlements beginning on the Atlantic Coast of North America in 1607. Dates are only useful as pegs upon which to hang a congeries of important facts. This date, 1607, is far more important from that point of view than it is for the settlement of Jamestown alone. Into the congeries of facts which surround it come some which are purely political, some which carry the consequences flowing from the continuity, in Englishmen's minds, of desirable political forms united with the supreme fact of their conformity with the great principle of Catholic Christian philosophy. That date, 1607, opens up a vista: Elizabeth was just dead, Shakespeare was still living. We are the sons of the Elizabethan era. Henry VIII had declared but had not accomplished the separation of England from Rome. Elizabeth had declared but had not fully accomplished the official separation of England from Catholicism; Protestantism—in 1607—had not yet reached its full crystallization in England as it had elsewhere on the western European continent. And that is very important, for it is out of the reign of James I, Elizabeth's successor, that we began our American lives.

England and Scotland

One of the facts of that beginning, which had a great and continuing effect upon our political life (from 1607 through the events of 1776 and up to 1865) was the fact of union, under James I, of England and Scotland. That is what we came out of: a political system in which there was *one* Crown, *two* parliaments, two sets of laws, two sets of customs, two languages, etc. From our very birth in America, we could never see why that was not the best possible basis for the evolution of the Empire, so clearly visible to us from the moment we planted our feet on this continent and turned our faces westward and expanded England's insular view out over a Continent. Out of that, these widely differing settlements could see the advantage of each continuing its allegiance to the Crown, each with its own "parliament," each with its own laws, each with his own social preferences. That is visible in every act of each of the settlements, though, still inarticulate, we could not work out the formula which eventually Balfour set up for the British Commonwealth of Nations. That idea clashed in 1776 with the idea of Empire of the German Hereditary Imperial Electors of Hanover on the throne of England. The German idea of Empire was rule from a center. Our idea was allegiance to a center (the Crown) with local self-government. That idea carried on into our Federal Union of Sovereign States. In the British Empire, the German idea of rule from a center gave place to the Self-Governing Dominion basis of Empire, and eventually the British Commonwealth of Nations. That is what we fought for in 1776 and again in 1861-65. The British discarded their totalitarian trend when we seceded from that kind of an Empire in 1776 and the Crown could not coerce us. Today, that same issue confronts us from nazi Germany, this time on a worldwide scale.

We confirmed in ourselves the centralizing trend with its emphasis on "form" in government when the Confederacy seceded from a Federal Union which was growing away from the political form of our early preference, but was defeated.

There is a direct sequence of ideas in our history, concerning political forms, from our first important date: 1607. There is a much more important sequence of ideas in our history, concerning "principle," i.e., "immutable truth."

We speak of the "Founding Fathers," meaning the men who wrote down the Constitution. Now, they "founded" the American system no more truly than Aquinas "founded" Christian philosophy. Both Aquinas and the so-called "Founding Fathers" did the same sort of thing: they clarified and synthesized certain "principles" or truths which pre-existed them.

English culture

I have said that, in 1607, Protestantism had not yet crystallized in England as it had on the European continent. There was still in all believing Englishmen a great substratum of sound Catholic, Christian, philosophical principle, whether the individual was conscious of it or not. That is what all these men brought with them. It did not matter under what sectarian tag they bore it, whether

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the tag of the Church of England, or of nonconformist Protestantism, or whether of still pre-Reformation Catholicism.

Of all the Protestant groups one would expect the Puritans, the Calvinistic Presbyterians, to have broken most completely away from Catholicism, to have become most completely Protestant and crystallized in their Protestantism, since they alone of all of them had a positive theological quarrel with Catholicism. Yet Augustine and Aquinas show forth powerfully in that very Puritanism which has exerted so powerful a formative influence on American ideas.

The principle in the Constitution of which I have spoken comes down clearly and directly from those sources. Obviously, as Protestantism crystallized, the essential feature of Protestantism, its individualism, would bring about its disintegration. The further it got away from the source of its political and social ideas, the more hazy those ideas would become, unless revitalized by new contact with the source from which they flowed.

There is great fanfare of trumpets over the growth of Catholicism in America through mass immigration. It would be more fair to put it this way: that due to the social and political system which we created here, no true obstruction has ever been placed here to the evolution of Catholicism, and that, therefore, the great number of Catholics coming into citizenship through mass immigration has fared not only well, but far better than they could have fared in the countries of their origin.

That they have done, as a Catholic body, anything whatever toward the revitalization of the principles on which our American system is based is something more than debatable.

The last presidential campaign carried at least one most interesting phenomenon. The unsuccessful candidate, Mr. Wendell Willkie, was approaching the essence of all these things in his "crusade," in his challenge to the New Deal philosophy. He could not put it into words, but he was on the right track. He took with him, along the beginning of the right track, a great number of Catholics who are deeply dissatisfied, but are still confused about what the issue is. If that dissatisfaction crystallizes into study and thought, "the American way of life" will, at last, accomplish its revitalization through understanding of its source and renewed contact with it.

Big Buffalo Hunt

What happened to the buffalo and a lot of other things.

By **Thomas D. Lyons**

Under the sod in the land of gold
We have laid the fearless Bill;
We all called him Wild, yet a little child
Could bend his iron will.
With generous heart he freely gave
To the poorly clad, unshod—
Think of it, pards—of his noble traits—
While you cover him with the sod.

From the "Burial of Wild Bill," by Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet-Scout

THE REDSTONE MERCANTILE ESTABLISHMENT had a powerful drawing card in the mighty anthracite base-burner. This stove was nine feet high and stood on a great zinc mat fifteen feet square. There was an open space or clearing around the stove about thirty feet square, usually occupied by a few arm chairs. But when the Phil Kearney Post of the Grand Army of the Republic was installed, with Captain Palmer, one of Farragut's quarter masters, in charge of arrangements, 150 camp chairs and stools were crowded into the space. The ornate sword of the post rested on a 40-pound box of Climax chewing tobacco. The Redstone establishment in bitter winter weather, sometimes over Olaf's protests, served as an inn. Old buffalo hunters, scouts, or noted ranchmen and owners of big horse herds would sometimes come with their bedding and cooking utensils on a pack mule. My father invariably granted some of these gentlemen the privilege of bedding down on one of the many long counters within the radius of the stove's warmth. The fire was, ordinarily, lighted in the big stove in late September and was never allowed to go out until early in May.

One blustering, snowy day in April, two guests who were entitled to counter privileges arrived: one a tall sinewy man, with a hawk nose and sharp blue eye, who wore the big, scraggly mustache of the Black Hills country, but did not wear his hair long. His companion was (and looked the part of) the early-day Indian scout. He had long gray hair which hung over his shoulders and a trim beard. He wore a big sombrero and two mag-

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nificent pearl pistols, the gift of the famous J. B. Hickok (Wild Bill). This gentleman bore the sobriquet of the "Poet-Scout"; and his dirge or lament for the death of Wild Bill Hickok in Deadwood City on August 2, 1876, was a school-boy recitation in Dakota schools. My father always addressed him, deferentially, as "Captain Jack." His companion had the nickname of "Old Dakoty." His name, as known to his intimates, was Pike L'Siou; on his baptismal certificate, however, it was spelled Charles Picotte Le Sueur. One of his ancestors bore the famed name of the man who, with Le Moyne, Verendrye and de Lusignan, made the name of New France known and respected in the domain of the Dakotas.

Horse sale

The occasion of the visit of the two famous scouts was the great horse sale conducted by the Belle Fourche Live Stock Company of Butte County, in the Black Hills. This enterprise had been fostered by the Government of Napoleon III and had brought fine Arabian stallions from the French possessions to cross with the bronchos which ran wild on the plains. They now had about 6,000 of these mustangs and were endeavoring to dispose of them at public auction in Eastern Dakota. Captain Jack and Old Dakoty were present with the company's horse-wranglers and ropers and riders somewhat in the capacity of guest artists at a radio advertising stunt.

They helped draw the crowd. Old Dakoty was introduced as one of Custer's trusted Black Hills Scouts; Captain Jack then entertained with some reminiscences, exhibiting Wild Bill's pistols and illustrating how the fearless Bill killed the hired murderers at Laramie after they already had the drop on him. He concluded this story with an exhibition of his marvelous agility by kicking off the hat of Old Dakoty, who stood six feet two in his stocking feet. He usually concluded with his poem which told how a bartender made a prayer at a dead prospector's funeral. No "sky pilot" or Bible was available, so the bartender made out with a deck of cards.

The mustangs sold briskly at from $8 to $23 a head. The horse-wrangler, as soon as a horse was paid for, "put the purchaser in the saddle" according to the published terms of the sale; that is, his ropers immediately lassooed the horse, threw him, blindfolded him, saddled and bridled him, and permitted the purchaser to mount, while the cowboys were pulling off the blindfold and the lariats. Most of the broncs gave a fine show as buckers and plungers, in spite of their portion of pure Arabian blood. Many of the new owners were disgusted because their newly-purchased *remudas* would all shy at an ear of corn.

By April 17, the herd had been pretty well sold off, which was fortunate, as a heavy storm of wet snow struck about that time. The three or four hundred wild horses still left were driven into John Windedahl's two-section, wire-fence pasture, and the whole crew came to spend the evening and the night around the comfortable Redstone Mercantile base-burner. The citizens gathered in, and my father started an interesting discussion on the subject of buffalo herds, hunters and scouts. All agreed that the palm should be awarded to Charley Reynolds as the most famous Dakota scout.

Before the Little Bighorn, Custer had detailed Charley to accompany Reno to stiffen that officer's back. In the retreat across the river, when Reno became panicky, Charley did his best to restore order to the detachment, and lost his life—killed by the Sioux hatchet, as were Bloody Knife and Stab, two famous Indians in Custer's command. Sitting Bull told Father Genin that he ordered his braves to "take the hatchet" out of revenge against the "Yellow Hair" (General Custer), because the Seventh Cavalry had killed women and children of Black Kettle's band on the Wachita in Indian Territory (now Roger Mills County, Oklahoma).

Someone commented on the thinning numbers and practical disappearance of the wild Indians, the big buffalo herds and the enormous herds of wild horses. Various explanations were offered: prairie fires, blizzards, pestilences and famine were suggested as proximate causes. On this, Old Dakoty broke his taciturnity and said that there was but one explanation, and it had not been given. "Why," he said, "whoever heard of an Indian, a bronco or a buffalo ever being burned to death in a prairie fire? It never happened. The Sioux always built a back-fire, with a creek or a river or a lake as protection, and saved themselves and the buffalo and the horses, which they looked on as their own private herds. Surely no one ever heard of the most poorly outfitted Sioux Indian freezing to death, or having even a bad cold. Even a drunken Sioux Indian could lie out all night in a blizzard and not freeze. The Great Spirit looked out for him, the Indians claimed. As to the buffalo, they would come in fat from the big pasture (which extended from northern Kansas to the British possessions) when thousands of range cattle would be found frozen to death."

Locomotives

At this point, Captain Jack joined in the discussion and said there was one thing that wild Indians and buffalo herds and wild horse herds could not stand, and that was the screech of a locomotive engine on a railroad. He backed his opinion with a statement made to him at Cheyenne by Colonel Dodge, Chief Engineer of the U. P., then building from Omaha, Nebraska, to Cheyenne (which was still in Dakota Territory).

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"Yes," said Old Dakoty, "the U. P. cut through the center of the buffalo range, and the northern herd of buffalo were forced up north, a lot of them even crossing the Canadian line."

Johnny Dearman, the traveling salesman for Keogh, Warner and Sherman of St. Paul, volunteered statistics on the purchase price of buffalo robes. In the earlier days, a fine bull-robe could be bought as cheap as $1.65, and a cow-robe sold for under $1.00. In 1886, the price of buffalo robes had advanced to the enormous figure of $45.00 to $60.00 each.

Buffalo calamity

This once more visibly aroused the memory of Old Dakoty, and with apparent effort and feeling he commenced his explanation. "Yes," he said, "there was a terrible buffalo calamity in 1881. You remember 1880 was a hard winter. But, in March, the Chinook wind began to blow at about the time that the big buffalo herd, consisting of millions of beasts, began to cross the Missouri. Anyone who has ever seen the buffalo herd on the march would never forget it. They move just like an army of United States soldiers, in regular formation. But there is one difference—there is no one to give the command to halt. When this great herd started to cross the Missouri, the ice was still solid, and the van of the herd got over. Then the Chinook wind softened the ice, and the animals began to go through into the freezing water. The hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of animals behind kept pressing on, forcing the herd into the stream. The big thaw continued, and at the end there must have been a million buffalo carcasses swept upon the Missouri shore from Mandan, in northern Dakota, to the mouth of the Bad River, 150 miles down stream. Even down at Omaha they saw a big buffalo bull going down stream on a cake of ice, still alive, pawing and bellowing."

It was after that season that we began to hear low-lived, crooked, tin-horn gamblers called "stinkers." Before that time, we usually called them "white-livered skunks." Captain Jack claimed the privilege of explaining the genesis of the term "stinker," and Old Dakoty deferred to him as a superior literary genius whose productions had seen the light of day in print. Captain Jack said that a lot of tender-feet who never in their lives had nerve enough to shoot at a buffalo, a grizzly bear or a Town Marshal, became self-commissioned "buffalo hunters" in the spring of 1881, and claimed to rank with Buffalo Bill. "But," said Captain Jack, "up at Pembina, they named the chief of the gang 'Buffalo Chips,' and General Phil Sheridan took up the nickname and applied it to some fake army scouts. However, the name 'stinker' came from the practice of these 'false-face' buffalo hunters who, in the spring of 1881, went out on the banks of the Missouri and skinned the carcasses of the drowned animals. Naturally, the hides so taken had a good strong perfume, and it wasn't that fragrance which Piper Heidsick cigars have, either. So, this whole crew of 'skinners of drowned buffalo' by common consent came to be termed 'stinkers,' and next thing we knew, the title was conferred on tin-horn gamblers, and so came into general use."

Then the talk drifted to the wild days of Deadwood Gulch, and of course Captain Jack read his beautiful poem on the death of Wild Bill Hickok. He explained that Mr. Hickok's real occupation was that of peace-officer, and that he was murdered by a hired assassin because it was understood that he was about to be selected as Marshal of Deadwood, which would mean the end of the crooked gamblers who robbed lucky but ignorant gold prospectors.

Distinguished educator

My father then said that he thought we ought to have a word from a distinguished educator, who was visiting as an honor guest of the Phil Kearney Post of the Grand Army. This was General W. H. Beadle, President of the Madison Normal School. The General was a distinguished lawyer as well as an ex-army officer, with distinguished service in Grant's army. The United States Court at Yankton, in March, 1877, had appointed him as counsel to defend Jack McCall, the assassin of J. B. Hickok. McCall had been tried by the Vigilantes, at Deadwood, and acquitted on McCall's story—that Wild Bill had murdered his brother. US Marshal Seth Bullock (whom T. Roosevelt, Dakota rancher, claimed as a cousin) suggested that two hundred ounces of "dust" passed to the 22-man jury was what got the verdict at Deadwood. Later, McCall, in a Cheyenne saloon, "counted coup," like a drunken Sioux Indian, and, boasting of his killing of Wild Bill, said that he never had a brother, and that the whole story was rank fiction. General Beadle pleaded former-jeopardy for Jack, by reason of the Deadwood trial, but the court disallowed it and was sustained by the Dakota Territorial Supreme Court. At the trial, General Beadle told us, the prosecutor gave McCall a merciless cross-examining. "If you wanted the glory of killing a man who had 36 notches on his gun (Wild Bill Hickok), why didn't you walk in front of him and give him a chance for life?" he asked McCall. The court room laughed when the defendant answered, "Because I didn't want to commit suicide."

The snow was coming down heavier than ever, and the wind was rising. My father, in spite of Olaf's plain frown of disapproval, said, "Well, boys, we'd better discontinue the big buffalo hunt, for tonight, anyway. You can all bunk down here on the counters and keep warm. Good-night."

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Italy at the Crossroads

By LUIGI STURZO

THERE are persons who ask themselves, even now, whether Italy will not end by getting rid of Hitler and seek a separate peace with England. Many believe it because they desire it; such is mankind. But those who desire it most are often those who have pardoned Mussolini everything and who would pardon even the "escapade" of warring alongside Hitler, because they have an unreal idea of him: a Mussolini of their phantasy, or of their hearts, or of their pockets, but who has nothing to do with the real Mussolini. To these are added those who would like to see an England freed from the struggle in the Mediterranean so as to be in a position to polish off Hitler earlier than called for by the present schedule. Thus a Mussolinian peace gesture toward England or a revolt of the Italian people against fascism (for them it would be all the same thing) would be the great event to look forward to in the next few months.

But is this the reality of Italy today?

* * *

Mussolini went into the war with the same conviction with which the Pétains and Weygands of June, 1940, asked for an armistice in France's name: England could resist only a short time; the United States would not modify the acts safeguarding her neutrality and in any case would arrive too late to help her European cousins. Hence the game for Mussolini was, and is, to obtain as much of the British and French Empires as might fall to him upon the Axis victory. But fascism shouted victory even before it had begun to fight.

When France fell, British resistance in the first weeks seemed ephemeral; but it soon gained body, and while until October the Mediterranean war was thought to be a mere side show, in November it changed to a second war-front, with a Greek counter-offensive in Albania and another Anglo-Australian one in Libya.

In Italy people are beginning to realize that a war lasting only a few weeks was a dream; that the reality is a long and risky war. But they still believe in a final Axis victory. The motives of such faith are many, but two are psychological and cover the others. The first is instinctive; when one is at war, one believes in the final victory of one's own side until the very eve of defeat; the moment one ceases to have faith in victory, the war is lost. In war the responsible leaders and the masses form a solid whole and each helps the other to augment confidence and maintain hope. Even if the Italians no longer believe in a fascist victory in Albania and in Egypt, they still believe that Hitler will beat England, and this is enough to keep the internal resistance quite solid. But there is another motive: fascism as a political fact has been imposed on the nation; defeat would mean the defeat of fascism. Those who have an interest in holding fascism up are making and will make every effort for Italy to remain with Germany and will prefer any risk rather than lose power through the fall of what they call "the régime."

On the other hand, what would the prospective of a separate peace mean to Mussolini if he should ever think of it? Could he keep Abyssinia when Mr. Churchill has promised it to the Negus, which was an independent empire before the Italian conquest? Could he keep Albania, which was also an independent state before Victor Emanuel III wore its crown, and which both Greeks and Albanians are fighting to free from the easy Italian conquerors of yesterday? Could he obtain the cession of Nice, Savoy, Corsica and Tunis after the English government has proclaimed its intention of defending France? And with what face could London betray the interests of France when she is still occupied by the Germans? Or would Mussolini believe Churchill's fine words if he should promise him that when the war was over and the victory obtained, England would use its influence on France to satisfy fascist aspirations towards Nice, Savoy, Corsica and Tunis, and even Djbuti? The only thing Mussolini could hope for would be a *beau geste* on the part of England leaving him a part of British Somaliland. Or even all of it . . . but this would seem like making fun of him. And would the Greeks let the Dodecanese Islands remain with Italy?

For Mussolini, continually haunted by dreams of a *fascist empire* built at the expense of England and France, these questions have only one answer: continue struggling till the end; lay everything on Hitler's card; put up with everything; but don't give in. Because if Hitler wins the game, then Mussolini, even though he loses all the battles, will win his war too and will consolidate fascism, keep his past conquests and take his share in the booty allowed by Hitler.

We say "allowed by Hitler" because the northern dictator is no fool and will not wish to swell Mussolini's head with too great an empire, especially if Mussolini had not conquered it himself with his own armies. Mussolini is Hitler's vassal and will remain so: the fattest, the most swashbuckling, the most considered of his vassals—but still, a vassal.

And if Hitler should lose the war?

This is the question that all those who have a responsible place in the country's life (if not the fascist chiefs, who have no interest in wanting to hasten their own fall), and in the first place Victor Emanuel III, ought to be asking themselves—all the more now that America has taken the bull by the horns and is sending help to England.

Why should the monarchy, leaders of the army, senators, industrialists, bankers, the so-called responsible *élite*, want to contemplate the hypothesis of an English victory, that is to say, of a defeat of Germany and Italy? So as to change the government, perhaps, and prepare the way for a separate peace? If this is a very difficult thing to do in a normal régime, such as we think of in a civilized country, it would be quite impossible in a totalitarian one. In 1918 Germany and Austria and Hungary got rid of their emperors; but when defeat was at their very doors and the people were tumultuous and could no longer be controlled. In 1940 France changed her régime, sending away President Lebrun and proclaiming, or auto-proclaiming, Pétain; but only after France had been invaded and

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the majority of the old government had decided to ask for an armistice. Is Italy at the present time in this condition?

To bring about the change in cold blood is nothing but a dream. But it is more fantastic than a dream to think that it might be done by the House of Savoy. The ruling house has accepted complete responsibility for fascism from the very beginning. The king did not disclaim responsibility, presenting himself before the masses like a Pontius Pilate washing his hands. But assuming that the present king should want to free himself from the past, and by abdicating in his son's favor, it is not to be thought that Mussolini and the fascists would not oppose such resistance and then render futile any initiative of the monarchy. Nor would the fascists refrain from destroying any tendency to revolt by the disillusioned and half-starving masses.

But there is a force still superior to the monarchy and to Mussolini; and that is Hitler. It was not for nothing that he took at one blow (when he *anschlussed* Austria) the frontier of the Brenner Pass from Italy to Jugoslavia. He can send as many troops, tanks and planes as he likes to keep down the revolting masses (if there were any) and the disloyal monarchy (as it would be called) and even the hesitating Duce (if he should really think of a separate peace).

And to think that industrialists and bankers, the capitalists in short, should form an anti-fascist and anti-nazi front is absurd: their one preoccupation is that the working classes should not become free and organized again (and troublesome . . . "we are so happy without strikes"), as they were before fascism. This is why they favored fascism at its birth, sustained it in its development and its crises, put up with it when it became totalitarian, even toward them. Now they are paying the consequences.

Hitler, in his speech of January 30, confirmed my analysis when he exclaimed: "Il Duce and I are neither Jews (?) nor jobbers. If we two clasp hands, it is the handshake of men of honor. That I hope will become clear to these gentlemen during the course of this year." Aside from the self-adulatory affirmation that they are men who possess honor (which is untrue), Hitler has the power to bind Il Duce irrevocably to him.

It is painful for an Italian to write such a diagnosis of the situation: but it is what it is, as I have pointed out in the previous article and in this.

Fascist Italy will remain with Germany in victory or in defeat: their destinies are bound together.

The Wake

He had nice hair.—*He did.* They say the door
is small.—*They'll slide him through the window then.*
He had nice ways.—*He did.*—It seems the more
a man is worth the less they miss him when
he goes.—*He had bad luck.*—And they don't dare.
It comes to all of us. —He had nice hair.
The room smells gloomy-sweet: in two more hours
the day will come: these murmuring figures mark
the time, and sigh and stare: against the flowers
the candles lick with vital tongues the dark
that hovers there.

RICHARD SULLIVAN.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FEBRUARY should not pass without discussion of the great Catholic interests at stake in the particular "intention" recommended by the National Catholic Welfare Conference's press department to the editors and writers of our Catholic press, which is, of course, the Catholic press itself. If ever there was an "intention" which appears to require work—and hard, persistent, unremitting work of head as well as heart and soul—to express the spirit of prayer, the condition of the Catholic press in the United States, surely, is one demanding that sort of "intention."

Impossible, so it seems to me, for realistic Catholics to approve wholly of our diocesan newspapers, the main force of our journalistic array, as they stand. Even with all their many other virtues and values—even with all the improvements wrought during the last twenty years by the Bishops, through the press and literature department of the NCWC, particularly the excellent, if still too greatly limited work of the News Service of the NCWC—impossible, I repeat, it still remains for competent judges to regard the diocesan papers as worth the money and effort expended by the laity in supporting them as "newspapers."

For the blunt truth is that today weekly "newspapers," except digests and commentaries of and on the news of the week, are not, and simply cannot be, truly and honestly regarded as newspapers. And some of the best efforts of the NCWC News Service—in particular, its foreign news, most especially of all its despatches from the center of Christendom, the Vatican—are apt to be frustrated of the great effect such news should have on American public opinion in general, as well as on Catholics themselves, or at least badly weakened, by the lamentable fact that highly important foreign despatches concerning vital Catholic interests, which NCWC reports, quite naturally, are more competent to express correctly, are held back from the secular press in order to accommodate the weekly Catholic papers.

Now "timing" is of the very essence of journalism; of news journalism; not of other types, of course—but it is news with which we are here concerned. And in this matter weekly journalism is not journalism at all, from the newspaper man's professional point of view—and that's the only standard in this regard that is worth consideration. Catholic money and time and energy and ambitions and the fundamental Catholic duty to spread effectively the message of Holy Mother Church (God's own instrument for the spreading of the "good news" of the gospel of Christ) are being wasted in maintaining the wrong sort of journalism.

That our diocesan weekly papers possess and worthily employ many other, and in some cases, superior and more permanent values for the nourishment and enlightenment of their few yet faithful readers, is of course splendidly

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true. There is the constant value of the brilliant and deeply spiritual "columns" of Father James Gillis, a practical mystic, in the true line of descent from that apostolic Catholic and American journalist, the glorious Isaac Hecker. There is the capital work of Father Kennedy, in the Hartford *Catholic Transcript*—especially his book reviews and studies. The always constructive work of Father McGowan, gently awakening our still too backward and slothful American Catholics to the teachings of social justice and Father Lord's scintillating column and the reports of the better orations (they are curiously uneven) of that modern avatar of the greater orators of the Church, Monsignor Fulton Sheen—all these and many, indeed, most of the editorial articles written by the clerical editors are instructive, authoritative. They are consoling and inspiring when they deal, as chiefly they do deal, with the spiritual and moral implications of the liturgical year, and of the teachings handed down from St. Peter's Chair, and from the seats of doctrine, and the headquarters of the chief shepherds of the flock of Catholic faithful, our bishops.

All this is all to the good; and should be maintained and strengthened and extended—but Catholic news is something else again. It is news, not comments upon news, and as news it ought to be handled efficiently, promptly, professionally, by men and women, mostly well trained and adequately recompensed professional Catholic newspaper people. Here is a February meditation for the intelligent leaders of our Church, both in the ecclesiastical and the lay levels of Catholic action. A matter chiefly for our bishops to consider? Of course it is; but bishops always listen, considerately, patiently, to suggestions humbly offered in good faith by members of the laity whom their own responsible observation discern to be practical Catholics. What Catholic men and women who write professionally for the influential press of today, or whose knowledge of journalism's deeper forces is won by personal experience, or who know more than superficially the past history of the action and interaction of effective, intelligent, professionally competent Catholic journalism with the inspiring and directing spiritual and moral authorities of the Church—what such representatives of the laity think—and what now the time has come for them to say—about our American Catholic "newspapers" deserves, and, I am certain will receive, thoughtful and even thankful consideration.

Meanwhile, let us be grateful for our really effective Catholic journals, so numerous and so excellent—the professional magazines of our clergy and our universities and learned societies—in the fields of theology, doctrine, science, art. The *Catholic World* flourishes and the *Sign* and other household magazines; so does the *Catholic Digest*—and so ought THE COMMONWEAL.

In Washington, a few days ago, a certain very high servant of our federal government said as I entered his office: "You'll be very glad to know that I've just signed my annual check for THE COMMONWEAL. An indispensable paper, especially for non-Catholics like myself." Indeed, I was glad—yet I wondered why so many Catholics are backward with their checks. To all with whom my fumbling yet sincere words are of any effect, may I take advantage of my position as a privileged person who in this corner of the paper is allowed to speak out all his mind without let or hindrance (provided he doesn't land everybody concerned in libel suits!) and urge, not merely weakly suggest, but urge them to support THE COMMONWEAL as never before? Everybody interested ought to be aware that there is disagreement; at times, varying points of view among our editors and our contributors. Well, that's what ought to be the case; and what of it, except to be glad of a forum? But let it be clearly known that until or unless THE COMMONWEAL (which I trust common sense, and common doctrine, will forbid) collectively speaking, through the binding action of its controlling board, plumps decisively for outright pacifism—which for me is an impossible position—I am all out for the support and building up of THE COMMONWEAL. I agree with that Washington high official: THE COMMONWEAL is indispensable. May I ask my friends and the friends and well-wishers of and for effective Catholic journalism to take practical steps at once to increase THE COMMONWEAL's circulation?

Communications

BELGIUM FACES STARVATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your editorial *Belgium Faces Starvation* in the February 7 issue assumes a good deal when it says that active public interest concerning the feeding of Europe has declined, or that the report of any group sent by Hoover has changed the situation. Under pressure our Government has sent, and, under pressure, the British Government has permitted, a Red Cross ship through the blockade bearing food and supplies to Spain and unoccupied France. If there is any change in the situation, it is that all of France is now definitely known to be under the nazi heel. Those of us who objected to helping Hitler before still object to helping him now. I am certain that you know this and I resent your effort to make it appear that the "violent emotion" of the earlier period has succumbed to a general feeling that we must now feed the peoples whom Hitler has conquered and robbed.

Let me recall once more what a blockade is for. It is designed to make the enemy withdraw men from the armed forces and from war industries and put them to work growing food. Our own State Department claimed, last December, that an authoritative American survey showed there would be no starvation for a period of five or six months. Hoover's recent statements do not take into account the fact that the food is present in Europe, that Germany has stolen it and that introducing more food will simply strengthen Hitler's grip.

The New York *Herald Tribune* for December 8, 1940 carried a dispatch from Berlin dated December 7 which said: "The European Continental situation is not considered critical by the Reich's food experts." Then it went on to say that the Berlin Institute for Business

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Research asserted that ninety percent of the food requirements of continental Europe, without Russia, are covered by local production. This rough average, of course, does not exclude great deviation for individual countries. For instance: Norway has only 43 percent self sufficiency and Belgium 53 percent. But the Netherlands has 67 percent, France 83 percent, and Denmark 103 percent. But these deficiencies, according to the nazi experts, are caused by peacetime policies of inflating dairy and meat exports, based on imported fodder, instead of rational planning of domestic agricultural production. The Reich, so they say, covers 83 percent of its food requirements with 42 hectares of land for each hundred people. It could be self sufficient with fifty-one hectares. Denmark and Norway together have sixty-five hectares for each hundred people, the Netherlands, France and Belgium sixty-two.

We have been saying that you cannot starve Europe by a blockade. The Germans say that the rational use of the land is one of the things their New Order will accomplish and they admit the land is there. How long will you go on asking Americans to help them establish this New Order?

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: THE COMMONWEAL has long been my favorite Catholic publication because of its fairness and tolerance, qualities too often lacking in even Catholic papers. Michael Williams's column of January 31 is therefore disappointing. It seems to me that he is guilty of the same tactics that he criticizes in others.

Witness the following: Herbert Agar and Dorothy Thompson, of whom Mr. Williams approves, possess "patriotic, cultivated, reasonably stated convictions and a rare fund of special knowledge of the true conditions of the world." On the other hand General Hugh Johnson, who dissents politically, is a "weather-cock," Westbrook Pegler an "acrobatic drum-major," Roy Howard a "ringmaster" and "whipper-snapper," his brigade of columnists a "strangely assorted zoo" and his newspaper chain, by implication, part of the "vulgarized, purely commercialized 'popular' press." Is this the broadness of view one might expect from a cultured Catholic gentleman? Is it even good sportsmanship or good taste?

Mr. Williams digresses to take a pot-shot at the use of General Johnson's title. Suppose Mr. Williams were reviewing a column of the General's that eulogized a prominent Catholic or commented favorably on Catholic customs. Under those conditions would he sneer at the title? Somehow I think not. Is the remark more appropriate in the present instance?

In all consistency, is Hugh Johnson any more of a weather-cock than Dorothy Thompson? Doubtless in her personal life Miss Thompson possess all the "modesty, humility and dislike of publicity" that Mr. Williams enumerates, but as a columnist I should say she snaps a whip with the best of them, and in her more excited moments I'd back her against any member of the Scripps-Howard chain for acrobatic drum-majoring!

I particularly dislike Mr. Williams's innuendo about "the intelligent public that does not read his [Howard's] papers." I have read the New York *World-Telegram* since the passing of the late beloved *World,* though I do not invariably endorse its views, and while my intelligence may not reach the high intellectual plane that Mr. Williams evidently demands, I don't think it is quite in the distressing condition that he intimates.

Personally, I consider H.R. 1776 a mighty dangerous piece of legislation (and I think I am just as American as Mr. Williams or his favorite columnists) yet I can understand that perfectly sincere persons can hold the opposite viewpoint. As for Roy Howard, I doubt that he is any more of an "appeaser" or "isolationist" than Mr. Williams is a warmonger. I can remember another war and the epithets "Hun," "Hyphen," "Pro-German." Many a man is now alive who wishes he had applied them less indiscriminately, a point to be remembered against the time when the fires die down and the smoke clears.

Surely those to whom we look for leadership and inspiration can hold strong opinions without slurring all who differ. Surely a case can be argued on its merits without the artificial stimulation of petty name-calling.

ETHEL RITA SEELY.

PICASSO AND OURSELVES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am glad Father Couturier pointed out (February 14) that we Catholics have lost sight of "that law essential to Catholic thought that it . . . should feel itself by vocation engaged in every human problem." But it is not art alone that we have deserted. We are just beginning to do our duty in the labor movement. We have yet to see it in cooperatives and credit unions. And what is more tragic than the Catholic flight from politics? How many of us still permit the Hagues and others bearing a Catholic label to do our talking?

HUGH M. FITZ MAURICE.

The Stage & Screen

Liberty Jones

AFTER the power and imagination of "Here Come the Clowns" and the skilful construction and pungent dialogue of "Philadelphia Story," Philip Barry's latest play is a let-down. It is pretentious, arty, naïve and obvious. Its one virtue is that it is on the side of the angels, for it is a plea for liberty. Its leading female character is in fact named Miss Liberty. But, alas, in the immortal words of Madame Roland, "Oh, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Mr. Barry's play is an allegory with personified virtues and vices. Besides Miss Liberty there is her uncle, who perhaps stands for the well-meaning businessman; her aunt, for the businessman's frivolous wife; Tom Smith, for America's educated youth; Dick Brown, for America's working class; and the Three Shirts, for Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. The allegory has to do with the rescue of Miss

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Liberty by Smith and Brown from the clutches of the Three Shirts. It is patriotic and well meaning and rather foolish. There is incidental music and there are dances, and we are continually wishing that the characters would break into song. Indeed the allegory might very well do for the book of a musical review. Cast in play form it is a good deal of a bore. Allegory is a difficult form for the modern mind, and should be attempted only by a supreme genius. Written as Mr. Barry has written it it seems shallow, threadbare, banal. But the Theatre Guild has cast it admirably with John Beal and Nancy Coleman in the leading rôles. Mr. Beal again proves that he is one of our most ingratiating young actors, and Miss Coleman reveals a charming personality and considerable dramatic ability. The dance they do together at the end of the second act is the high point of the evening. Ivy Scott sings two of Paul Bowles's songs to the words of Mr. Barry, and sings them delightfully. John Houseman's direction and Raoul Pène du Bois's scenery and costumes are also most effective. As for the play, Mr. Barry is to be praised at least for his attempt to give us something other than our usual realistic fare. But he has gone rather beyond his depth. *(At the Shubert Theatre.)*

Tanyard Street

THIS Irish play by Louis D'Alton is in its moments of peasant dialogue racy and incisive. Its first act is admirable, because it sticks to character. But Mr. D'Alton has set about to do more. The rest of the play deals with a miracle which happens in the town and which is believed by some and not believed by others. The intention of the playwright himself is not quite clear—whether he believes in it or not—though I should say he does. But this very confusion is only the logical result of the lack of character which goes before. The miracle separates a young man from his bride, the young man forcing his wife much against her will to take a vow of chastity which will permit him to become a priest. But that the Church would under the circumstances accept such a sacrifice is preposterous. The real interest of the play lies in the characterization of a rapscallion of an old hypocondriac, played by Barry Fitzgerald. His performance has nothing to do with the main theme, but it is so vital, and his part so well written, that it obliterates all else when he is on the stage. There are also excellent performances by Aideen O'Connor and by Lloyd Gough. As the young bride Margo is quite miscast. *(At the Little Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

More of Same

"WESTERN UNION" is a composite of "Brigham Young," "Arizona," "Virginia City," "Return of Frank James" and other wild, wooly, building-the-West-in-the-last-century films with heaviest leanings toward Cecil DeMille's "Union Pacific." Because Robert Carson based his screenplay on Zane Grey's novel, it has the usual Grey touches. And because Fritz Lang directed, it has some realistic Western stuff and suspense in the last half that is exciting in spite of the whole affair's lengthy tediousness. It also has some interesting men in the cast: Dean Jagger, whose acting ability, unusual voice and radiant face insert an inspirational note into the rôle of Edward Creighton, the historical character mainly responsible for the success of setting up the lines between Omaha and Salt Lake City; hard, handsome Randolph Scott, a repentent bad man who is very handy to the outfit as a scout; Robert Young, an Easterner who turns out to be less effete than his fellow workers expect; Slim Summerville, a comic relief cook; Barton Maclane, a mean, tough, 1861 gangster, leader of the Confederate renegades who are going to stop Western Union "if they have to cut down every pole from here to Omaha." Virginia Gilmore flits in and out of the plot to provide a love interest, but she isn't insistent or trying to compete with the war-painted Indians who don't want the "singing wire" through their territory, or with the trouble started by the villains, or with the big fire which destroys most of the equipment. Fast, hazardous riding and mountainous Utah backgrounds in excellent technicolor give "Western Union" several beautiful sequences. It all ends in a thrilling fight-to-the-finish gun battle that might be called "Slaughter in a Barber Shop." And this, kind friends, explains why you can wire Birthday Greeting No. 6 from coast to coast for twenty-five cents.

Ann Sheridan, exhibiting a bored, lady-like pose and an improvement in acting that indicates more than oomph, and George Brent, whose narrow gamut never included cuteness, are said to be rebelling against the treatment meted out to them on the Warner Brothers lot. *"Honeymoon for Three"* proves their point. It is cinema's rehash of the stage's "Goodbye Again." If it was to be made into a film at all, it should have been a very minor B item with an unimportant cast. Director Lloyd Bacon does the best he can with a silly plot about the tribulations of a successful, third-rate novelist with his adoring feminine public. A few good gags and occasional high wit are rung in, but most of these are smothered in arch coyness or forced slapstick farce. From the beginning you know that the gullible novelist and his secretary will wind up in a long-distance kiss, but before the end you don't care how they wind up.

Occasionally Dr. Kildare, Andy Hardy, the Four Daughters or some of the other members of the series pictures will keep you amused and interested. Then again, a newest item in a series takes your money on false pretenses. This is the case with the latest number about Henry Aldrich (of radio, stage and movie fame). "What a Life" was a funny film about an awkward, always-getting-into-trouble adolescent. *"Life With Henry,"* dealing with the same boy and his family, is a bore—because it labors with script, director and acting troubles. Jackie Cooper is one of the most talented younger men in films, but he, like all cinema actors, needs good direction and material which he doesn't have here. The humor is supplied mainly by Eddie Bracken, who is allowed to be entertaining in his own way. . . . *"Maisie Was a Lady"* follows the usual pattern of the other Maisie pictures with Ann Southern still doing an excellent portrayal as the hard, Brooklyn-accented, worldly-wise Maisie whose heart of gold continues to bring light into other people's messed-

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up lives. This time Maisie pollyannas her way as a maid into a disgustingly wealthy Long Island house where Maureen O'Sullivan and Lew Ayres are overburdened with parasitical guests and those complexes that fiction tells us the filthy rich fall prey to. Director Edwin L. Marin has difficulty working action into a talky script, but Maisie's observations about the monied younger set compensate for a static and obvious story. Of course, Miss Fix-it fixes everything. The surprise is that the end finds her in Lew's arms. How can she spread sweetness in the next installment if she stays there?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Two About Music

The History of Musical Instruments. Curt Sachs. Norton. $5.00.

"ALL higher creatures express emotion by motion. But man alone, apparently, is able to regulate and coordinate his emotional movements; man alone is gifted with conscious rhythm." Given these primary powers, it is a long road from their first expression in primitive instruments through the centuries of invention and imagination which have created the musical instruments of the last century—from the first slit drum to the evil sounding Hellertion, Trautonium, Emicon and Sphärophon of today. Curt Sachs's book is a comprehensive and fascinating study of a tremendous field.

It would take no mean effort to master even a quarter of what is in the book, but it affords absorbing reading. Apart from the inherent interest in the subject for anyone musically inclined, the book is full of anthropological and historical detail which relate it to art and human life as a whole.

From the primitive instruments and their significance to early man one gets an incidental education in primitive mentality and mores. The sections on the instruments of antiquity and the orient give an entirely different vantage-point for these cultures.

Particularly interesting are the last sections on the modern Occident. The method used is not a tedious cataloguing of instruments. The development of the instruments is closely related to other phases of history. Take, for example, the evolution of the orchestra. In the eighteenth century orchestras were on a small scale in keeping with the aristocratic basis upon which musical patronage rested. The nineteenth century saw the development of the huge unwieldy orchestra of today coincident with the increasingly democratic basis of society which wanted to hear its music in large halls and demanded thunderous sound.

As a work of reference, the history is useful, usable and never dull. One can spend endless time digging about in it for such surprising and curious objects as the *barytone,* a many stringed, sinister-looking relation to the double bass which had a brief life as only one man was able to master it. Or the *glass harmonica* which vibrated in such a way as to cause serious nervous disorders for those who played it. One can trace the history of any given instrument through all its historical vicissitudes. There are copious and delightful illustrations and detailed documentation. A good bibliography indicates the ex-

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treme value of the work as the greater part of books on the subject hitherto have been written in German.

MARGARET BYARD.

Music in the Middle Ages, with an Introduction on Music of Ancient Times. Gustave Reese. Norton. $5.00.

IN THIS monumental work Mr. Reese gives an exhaustive survey of the religious and secular music of the Christian era to the end of the fourteenth century. The book not only answers to a long-felt need for students and researchers; it also provides the musician and the general reader with an understanding of the music of the period it covers, for the author happily combines profound scholarship with the appreciation of the artist.

He brings this double spirit to the whole of his wide range. There are chapters on the music of antiquity and of the Christian cultures of the East. The one on ancient Greek music deserves particular mention for the light it throws on as obscure and difficult a subject as the field of music affords. Especially valuable also is the chapter on the polyphony of the British Isles, as well as the sections descriptive of the musical instruments of antiquity and of the middle ages.

The treatment of the development of medieval musical forms is particularly fine, and the chapters on Gregorian chant, which was the backbone of medieval music, are for the most part excellent. However, the followers of the Solesmes doctrine of rhythm will not be in agreement with the weight given by Reese to the opposing views of the mensuralists and accentualists in the matter of Gregorian rhythm. They may also feel that the value of the work done by Dom Mocquereau in the field of historical research, over a period of nearly fifty years of laborious study of manuscripts, has been underestimated.

As might have been expected of an author of Mr. Reese's standing, the plan and development of the work leaves nothing to be desired. Copious footnotes and a bibliography conveniently arranged by chapters will be found helpful to those who wish to explore further; in fact, the book furnishes an excellent guide to all the materials in the field of medieval music, with its origins and its branches. A list of recorded examples is also given for each chapter. The possession of so much matter, so exactly stated and arranged in such a masterly way, is an assurance of the indebtedness of the musical world to the author.

It is certain that the present work will take its place among the books that cannot be dispensed with on any reference shelf, public or private, which pretends to completeness of information on musical history and appreciation.

ACHILLE P. BRAGERS.

BIOGRAPHY

Horace Walpole. R. W. Ketton-Cremer. Longmans. $3.00.

THIS is a successful portrait of a man who "deliberately set himself to chronicle the social and political history" of his day, who selected his correspondents with canny care to impress posterity by "whispered asides to an unseen audience." Walpole was spectator and participant, chronicler and maker of eighteenth century history. He was one of those persons who knew "everybody"—politician and diplomat, poet and painter, architect and printer, cleric and soldier; and who did "everything"—who traveled, served in parliament, made blueprints, wrote poetry, a novel and a play, who dominated the dinner table, served as guide to tourists at Strawberry Hill, who gossiped and wrote letters, all with equal enthusiasm and ease.

Walpole matured almost by even decades, and Ketton-Cremer has bounded these expanses of mentality. The biographer carries him through the pastoral placidity of Eton, and the tepid deism of Cambridge, across Europe on the grand tour with Thomas Gray, into the "gallantry" of continental social life, back to Twickenham and his dabbling in art criticism, creative production and Gothic delight, down to an old age haunted by the tearful letters of Mme. du Deffand, the adoringly attentive ears of Mary Berry and the plaguing gout. While his outlook changed through these years—and they are brilliantly lighted by the "great set-pieces" of his elaborate letters—Walpole remained basically the same. As a man he was kind, loyal and charitable, as well as petty, malicious and affected. He talked of his tolerance and of his hatred of injustice and bigotry—yet his attitudes toward the Stuart cause and toward European religion belie his boast. Both are explained, of course, by his politics, and his father's.

The chapters on Walpole's career in parliament, where he served for twenty-seven years, allow new insight to his political labors. The friendship with Gray, frequently disrupted, is also discussed at new lengths. The contrast between the two is most revealing. Walpole was theatrical, his reactions were those of the emotions, his world that of drawing-room discussion. Gray was introspective, preferred seclusion and pursued learning with an attention which bored the amateur. Walpole was intellectually and culturally shallow, though socially shrewd; Gray far superior, a point which Walpole realized, and which made digressive quarrels inevitable.

To have gone through the voluminous correspondence of one of the most prolific writers of his time was a task. Ketton-Cremer went further, and enjoyed and profited from the opportunity to consult the unpublished letters owned by Wilmarth S. Lewis, editor of the Yale edition of Walpole. The selection of illustrative excerpts reveals an intelligent balance "between solemnity and triviality"—the very trait applied to the letters themselves. It is a relief to find a biographer who does a full-length picture and who does not stand beside the canvas, pointing with a dirty brush to each detail of light and shade. Ketton-Cremer remains unobtrusive, except in the brilliant flashes of personal phrase. These are remembered afterwards—which is as it should be.

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN.

HISTORY

Neither Liberty nor Bread. Edited by F. Keene. Harpers. $3.50.

THE SELECTIONS gathered together between the covers of "Neither Liberty nor Bread" were written over the last eighteen years by men who represented the Italian opposition to the fascist régime and who were driven into exile or assassinated. Since the adversaries of fascism sprang from all sections of the people, the opinions reflected here are those of the right, left and center; of Protestants, Jews and Catholics; of Masons and anti-clericals. Salvemini, Silone, Ferreo, Sforza, Sturzo, Rosselli, Lussu, Ferrero, Borgese are some of the men who discuss such questions as the rise of fascism, the crushing of the opposition, church and state, fascist economics, foreign affairs.

Il Duce tried to win over public opinion by calling his government "the ethical state." The opposition rejected

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this impertinent piece of nominalism, as their fellow countryman Saint Thomas Aquinas would have done, and took the position that if one tells a rose by its smell rather than its name, then that which gives off the odor of collective murder, wholesale robbery, violence and illegality is a racket, is gangsterism. In the chapter entitled "The Anti-Fascist Literature of Exile" Claudio Treves refers to an article by a fellow exile, Silvio Trentin, who exposes fascism as an *avventura,* opportunism. I'm not being unfair to Trentin when I say that his knowledge of medieval history is defective. Trentin lists among fascism's acomplishments the "restoration of the medieval régime of despotic and theocratic absolutism." Now the enthronement of constitutionalism, the establishment of the principle of right over might is a legacy from our much maligned medieval ancestors. They buried absolutism only to have its ghost called out of its grave by the rising princelings and kings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with the blessings of the Reformers, over the opposition of the Church. It is important to note with Ignazio Silone that the people who were the first to feel the full brunt of fascism were not the reds, but the peaceful reformist groups who over a period of forty years had built up a vast network of cooperatives, credit unions, benefit societies, mutual aid societies. As Silone says, "Fascism rose and developed as a reaction against social-reformism rather than against revolutionary or communist-socialism." To appreciate the significance of this let us simply take the figures which Silone does not give but which must be considered when the history of Catholic Action is written. Central Catholic Action of Italy had under its guidance well over 3,000 farmers' banks, 300 "popolare" banks, more than 1,000 consumers' and producers' cooperatives, and almost 1,000 mutual aid associations which were destroyed root and branch by fascism, and their monies and property confiscated. Thus did fascism fight the reds. At least that is what they are called in fascist history books.

In his contribution entitled, "Pius XI, the Roman Church and Fascism," Count Sforza may be correct in saying that the Curia insisted on a certain yearly income from the Italian State as part of the settlement of the Roman Question because it wished to be spared dependence on England and America. But it is entirely incorrect for him even to suggest that this request for the "indemnity" was the decisive factor. The truth is that the Vatican had long sought a solution of the Roman Question, and it was the liberal prime ministers who, fearing the reaction of socialist and masonic opinion, powerful and anti-clerical, postponed its settlement. Il Duce, who didn't care for this opinion, being eager to get the badly needed support of the Church, was determined that the Italian State should come to terms with the Vatican. He figured that the dividends would be higher than anything the Vatican got. Nor was he mistaken. Catholic *bien pensants* throughout the world began to look upon him as a champion of the Church; he strengthened his hard grip on the Italian hierarchy and gained entry into the Vatican for his agents. That this might unfortunately happen was a possibility foreseen by Pius XI; and it was for this reason that he insisted upon binding the Lateran Treaty indissolubly with the Concordat. Powerless to enforce the provisions of the Concordat, the pope issued protests and encyclicals condemning fascist doctrine; and with abundant patience bided his time. Who eats of the

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Pope, if he dies slowly, dies surely; and the interdict and excommunication have long been obsolete as political weapons to bring recalcitrant rulers to heel.

There is a more serious charge which the Count and others make against Pius XI; and it is that he was an enemy of freedom. It is a distortion of Pius XI's observations on the "ugly fetishes of liberalism" to say that they proved his sympathy with the "fascists' hatred of liberty." The truth is that Pius XI opposed and deplored the errors of nineteenth century liberalism, which errors are greatly responsible for the existence of the totalitarian states, widespread unemployment. Pius XI believed in the four freedoms and all that is implied in our inherited doctrine of the Bill of Rights.

I sometimes fancy that the Pope was mistaken in thinking that he could deal with totalitarian régimes. Yet if it was a mistake, it was one which until recently was committed by all statesmen. We had all to learn from bitter experience that appeasement regardless of motive, whether it take the form of concessions in concordats, extension of credit, grants of land, or spheres of influence, is futile and ineffectual. Appeasement brings breathing spells, not peace. To justify his attempts at a concordat with Soviet Russia, the Pope is alleged to have exclaimed that he would deal with the devil, for the sake of a soul's salvation. Unfortunately the devils that possess Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin are quite unlike those of popular legends; they don't keep their end of the bargain.

For me, the best things in the book were those written by Don Luigi Sturzo and that other brilliant light of the Popular Party, Francesco Luigi Ferrari. Don Sturzo writes on politics and moral values and on the rights of revolution, Ferrari on the Christian-Democratic view of the Lateran Treaty and Concordat. It is a pity that the editor did not include more of such men and less of Salvemini, La Piana and Borgese. But then though it would have made this a more valuable book, it would also have become less popular among what are nowadays called "liberals."

JOSEPH CALDERON.

TRAVEL

North of Singapore. Carveth Wells. McBride. $3.00.

RETURNING to a place where one has labored, and has left works of a lasting nature, is an experience that anyone would wish for. In his return to Malay Carveth Wells went back to a country where he had surveyed railways, roads and rubber plantations.

During the summer of 1939 Carveth Wells and his wife, who as his partner shared in the photographic work and collaborated in writing this highly amusing, interesting and well written book, journied first, "north of Singapore," to Japan.

Boarding the *Asmu Maru* in San Francisco they immediately entered into the life of Asia: grass slippers and kimonos; also the pleasures of sukiyaki, Japan's national dish. In Japan, and throughout their journey, the eternal Sino-Japanese question invariably came up and Mr. Wells relates many an interesting conversation. These, coupled with his amusing wit, makes this more than a mere travel log.

The hairy Ainus, the pearl industry and fishing with cormorants attracted their attention in the Nipponese kingdom. Wanting to see a bit of China while *en route* to Singapore, they went to Korea, then to Manchukuo and from there south, seeing many curious and terrible sights on the way. Such as horses with "tin diapers" and

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floods where hordes of Chinese were dying daily. Blocked by the flood in their attempt to reach Shanghai by rail, they had to return to Kobe and start afresh.

After Shanghai came Hongkong. While in this British possession, war was declared. Then to Manila, where they transshipped for the final leg to Singapore, the gateway to Malay. In the chapter "North of Singapore," Mr. Wells starts his first adventure to the mainland after an absence of twenty years. Here he begins his pilgrimage to places and people he had known so well, and again into the jungle. And as a climax he got what he wanted most, a picture of a fish climbing a tree, to prove to his friends at home there really was such an animal.

PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

THE WAR

The Wounded Don't Cry. Quentin Reynolds. Dutton. $2.50.

I SAT in the packed Manhattan Opera House in New York on a sultry winter night last year. It was Lincoln's Birthday, but we had come to do honor to another great man. Heywood Broun. He had died the previous December 18. That was the memorial meeting where Mayor LaGuardia, John L. Lewis and John Kieran spoke. Where F.P.A., Lewis Gannett and Edna Ferber rose to heights they had probably never attained in speech before.

But the best speech of all was that delivered by Heywood Broun's close friend, protègé and tenant, Quentin Reynolds. Many of us that night must have felt that Broun's great and charitable influence would not be entirely extinguished as long as there was Quentin Reynolds. Well, we can take stock again now, with the publication of "The Wounded Don't Cry." It's not an entirely disappointing stock, but many of us must have hoped for more.

Two months after the Lincoln's Birthday meeting Reynolds was off to cover the invasion of Norway for *Collier's*. He got as far as the French front. Hitler was moving too quickly. Reynolds retreated with the correspondents corps to Bordeaux, to England. The present book is the record of Reynolds's retreat before the Boche and his observations of the British "taking it."

Perhaps most people know Reynolds through the two dramatic short movie features, "London Can Take It" and "Christmas Under Fire," for which he provides the compelling, restrained commentary. It's just as well. Those shorts reflect the best Reynolds, indignant against the tormentors and anxious to do all he can for the victims. But do we find this indignation and anxiety in his book? Well, some. Perhaps Reynolds remembered too well Katherine Brush's "Young Man of Manhattan," even "Personal History" (although Reynolds never uses the broad social canvas that concerned Sheean). The foreign correspondent must be continually in or emerging from hairbreadth or humorous situations, fast on comebacks, hard-drinking and well-eating. A Joel Macrae, a Bacchus and a Richard Harding Davis.

These chapters are not unexciting, not undescriptive of the things that would meet your eye if you were representing a prominent and wealthy American magazine in the France and England of May-October, 1940. You may even like them. They would, and probably did, make excellent pieces in the five-cent magazines. At least one of them saw the light of day in *Collier's*. Quentin Reynolds is really more than this. He can and will yet follow the large shoe prints of Heywood Broun into other places than saloons.

JOHN BRUBAKER.

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The Inner Forum

THIS MONTH the *Journal of Religious Instruction,* issued with ecclesiastical approval at De Paul University, Chicago, is celebrating its tenth anniversary. It is "the only periodical in the English language devoted solely to the problems of the teacher of religion." At first a four-page sheet issued free to teachers of religion studying at De Paul University, it became a regular monthly publication in response to many requests received.

The emphasis in the *Journal* is practical; it is devoted primarily to ways and means of vitalizing the teaching of religion from the primary to college levels. The objective is to help teachers "to train the young in and for living Christ-like lives, lives of unselfish love of God, and for His sake of man." From the very beginning "the Journal has advocated the use of modern psychological findings in their application to religious education, always subordinating them, however, to supernatural means and motives."

In the tenth anniversary issue, for instance, Rt. Rev. William L. Newton of the Catholic University discusses the presentation of the Miracles of Our Lord in Bible instruction in elementary schools. For the same age group Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.SS.R. of the Catholic University treats of the "Virtue of Fortitude." "It Is a Sacred Thing to Be a Woman," by Sister Mary, I.H.M., of Marygrove College, Detroit, deals with the responsibility of nuns engaged in high school teaching in preparing their charges for founding with their husbands truly Christian homes. Ellamay Horan of De Paul University provides a series of diagnostic tests on the Sacrifice of the Mass for college religion classes. Bishop Winkelmann of Wichita contributes an article in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine section on "The Necessity of Biweekly Schoolyear Religious Instruction." Other articles deal with "High Schools of Religion in Brooklyn," Discussion Clubs at Iowa State and "The Use of Radio in Teaching Catechism."

In a prefatory note Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City cites Pius X's Encyclical, *Acerbo Nimis,* in part: "We are aware that the office of the catechist is not much sought after because, as a rule, it is deemed of little account. . . . We are quite willing to admit that merits of those pulpit orators who, out of genuine zeal for the glory of God, devote themselves to either the defense and maintenance of the Faith or to eulogizing the heroes of Christianity. But their labor presupposes labor of another kind, that of the catechist. Where the latter is wanting, the foundations are wanting, and they labor in vain who build the house. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

William Franklin SANDS is a former American diplomat; he is an educator and writer on American history.
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